TROY HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 23, 1878.

THE FIRST BONANZA.

When Samson sallied forth to smite
The foes that massered round him,
His King spoke out, pale with affright:
"Think you that you can vanquish 'em?"

He paused a moment—thought it over,
And quick replied, "I can, sir."
He then gave them a jack rabbit's jaw,
With which proved a "bo, bone-answer."

WHEN THEY GATHERED IN THE HAY.

"Your cousin Helen is coming next week," Robert Smith's mother said, when he came in from his work and sat down to read for a few minutes. "There's her letter on the window sill if you'd like to read it."

He took up the letter and read it through slowly. One passage he read over twice, before he laid it down.

"I never spent a pleasanter summer in my life than the one I spent with you. And if Robert is the same dear old fellow that he was then I shall enjoy this one quite as much, for you know Rob and I were the best of friends, and I have seen no one since that I liked half so well."

He sat there in the door, with the letter in his hands, and he looked away across the meadow where the grass was crinkling in the wind like a sea of emerald, and thought about that summer gone by, and the summer evening. In that vanished one he had dreamed such a sweet and beautiful dream, and its memory had never left him. But he had hidden it in his own heart, and no one had ever guessed what it was. Now she was coming back, and the old dream must be lived over again, or crushed down and kept out of sight, if it so be that his will was powerful enough to do that. But he doubted his own strength. There had been times, in the dead summer, when it seemed as if his heart must speak out and be heard. But his pride had kept him silent. Here was he, a farmer; and she was the child of wealthy parents, city born and bred, and he argued that he had no right to say anything to her of love, because their stations in life were so different and so far apart. If she had been a farmer's daughter, or the child of poor parents, or he had been a rich man's son, with culture and education equal to her own, then! But always the "if" in the way came up to stare him in the face, and so he crushed back the words he had almost said so many times, and Helen Hunt had never discovered his secret, he felt sure.

He could not help feeling a thrill of keen pleasure at knowing she was coming back; but, at the same time, he was sorry. It would only make it harder for him after she was gone. He knew that her voice would hold the old dangerous-sweet fascination in it, and her eyes would only make him feel more keenly what he longed to claim for his own, and what was out of his reach. But—and something of that same recklessness which comes to all of us at times came to him—she was coming, and he could not help that, and he would let the future decide its own affairs. He would drift and dream, even if the waking up at the end of it was bitter with loss and a lifetime's regret.

The next week brought Helen Hunt. Robert drove down to the depot after her. She was standing on the platform, with her face turned another way, when he drove up. But it did not need the sight of her face to tell him that she was there. He would have known that tall and graceful figure anywhere.

"I am glad to see you back," he said, coming up beside her. His voice was not quite steady. He had tried to make himself cool and self-controlled, but the presence of the woman he loved unmanned him a little.

"Robert!" she cried, turning quickly at the sound of his voice, with a glad, eager light flashing up into her beautiful eyes. How they thrilled him! She held out her hand, and there was no mistaking the genuineness of her welcome. It spoke in words, and made itself felt in her face.

"I hardly expected to see you back here," he said, feeling that she would expect him to say something, and knowing nothing else to say. Just then words failed to come readily at his command.

"I have been looking forward to this for months," she said. "I was so happy here that I have been longing to come back ever since I went away. I hope this summer will be as pleasant as that one was."

"I hope it will, for your sake," he said, and his face had a grave, pained look in it which her keen eyes detected at once.

"What is the matter with you, Robert?" she said, putting her hand on his arm. "You look as if something troubled you. My coming has nothing to do with it, has it?"

"How should it have?" he said, with a little forced laugh. "I haven't felt quite well for a few days, that's all. But I'll come around right by-and-by. Don't say anything to mother about it—she doesn't know, and there's no use in her worrying over me. She couldn't help me if she knew."

"Is it serious, Robert?" Her eyes were grave now, as they rested questioningly on his face.

"Don't ask me to tell you anything more about it," he said, turning abruptly away. "Men have lived through it before now, and I shall," he added, with another laugh. "Don't bother your head about me, Helen, but enjoy yourself as much as you can."

It was a pleasant ride home, in spite of the thoughts that would keep coming into Robert Smith's mind. *She* was by his side, and he loved her.

The old summer seemed to come back again, with its "light which never was on land or sea," to Robert. The dream of his heart was just as sweet as it had been in the vanished days. She had not changed at all since then, but was the same winning woman who had won his heart away, and would keep it forever.

The days passed like charmed ones, with rows upon the river, and long, delightful walks at sunset time; with songs in the brief, delicious evenings, and quiet talks about books and the men and women who wrote them. Robert was not her inferior in the culture which comes from reading good books; because he was a farmer was no reason why he should be ignorant and uncultivated. He had studied, and formed wide acquaintances with earnest, thoughtful men—through the books they had written—and in this way he had educated himself to a much higher level than most of the young men Helen Hunt met in her own circle of society at home. But, because he lacked their self-esteem and conceit, Robert always thought of himself as lacking something in mind and manners, which those she came in contact with in her own sphere of life ought to have, and did have, for all he knew to the contrary. Perhaps he was right in thinking that they ought to have it. But she could have told him that they did not always.

One day Jerome Alstyne came out from the city. Robert had heard that he was a lover of Helen's, and he was sure of it when he saw the man's face at their meeting. But Helen's showed no such sudden gladness as ought to express itself in the face of a woman when she meets the man she loves, and Robert felt satisfied that she did not care for Alstyne as he did for her, and the thought brought a sense of exultation to him.

Alstyne did not stay long. When he went away he carried a face which had a look of defeat in it. He had striven to win the woman he loved, and failed. From the bottom of his heart Robert pitied him. He had not liked the man very well before, but when he drove down to the station with him, and saw how deeply he felt the loss of what he had hoped to win, a feeling of kindness came over him. Must they not both bear, henceforth, a sorrow which came of loving one neither might possess?

"Braith, you are sorry for me—you pity me," he said. "I thank you for it. You understand what there is to pity me for. You can well afford to pity me, since you have won what I have lost. I wish you all the happiness I had hoped for myself."

"I—I don't understand you," Robert said, with a strange thrill at his heart. "I have won nothing you would have prized."

"Do you call Helen Hunt's love nothing?" Alstyne cried. "I would give the world for it, if I had it to give."

"You are mistaken," Robert answered. "I——"

But Alstyne interrupted him.

"I am not blind," he said. "She loves you, and you will find it so when the day comes for you to tell her what you must, some day."

She loved him! There was a world of rapture in the thought. But—and the haunting spectre which comes to sit by your hearth and mine came into his heart then—their ways in life were so wide apart that they could not be bridged over. He could never ask this woman to stoop to his lowly life. And he could not lift himself to hers. And yet she loved him! He could not for one moment forget that. And to know it was so sweet, so unutterably sad!

The days, after that, went by more like a dream than ever. He tried to keep away from her, but his heart would not let him. He tried to school himself to the thought that, since he might not have her for his own, he ought not to think of her as a man thinks of the woman he hopes to win. But he could not do that. He could only love her, and tell himself that his love was but a vain one.

But it could not always go on in that way. Fate took the matter in her own hands at last.

Robert was at work in the meadow one afternoon. The loaded wagon was driven away to the barn, and he sat down to rest until its return. As he sat there, Helen came down the lane. She saw him, and came across the meadow and sat beside him, under the old apple tree.

What they talked about they never could tell. He remembered, in a vague way, that they saw a darkening sky, but that was all, until the sudden fury of the summer shower broke upon them. A flash of blinding brightness, a cry from her, a crash, as if heaven and earth were being rent in twain—and he was by her side, with her head upon his knee, and he was crying out to her in a wild, incoherent way, telling her that he loved her.

"Oh, my darling!" he cried out, in the wild outburst of long-pent-up passion, "I love you! I love you! and you are dead!"

"Are you sure about that, Robert?" she said, struggling up into a sitting posture, with the color coming back into her cheeks. "I was stunned a trifle for a moment, nothing more."

"I thought you must be dead, you were so pale," he said. "If I had known——"

"Well, what?" she said, shyly, when he paused.

"I would not have said what I did," he answered slowly. "Forgive me, Helen. At such times we say things we would not say in sober moments."

"Robert," she cried, suddenly, "you said you loved me. If it is true, why should you not tell me so? What keeps us apart?"

His face was pale with pain at his heart. The time had come when he must speak.

"I'll tell you what keeps us apart!" he answered. "You belong to a sphere of life so much above mine that love cannot bridge over the distance between us——"

"Robert," she cried, her whole face aglow, "is that the reason why you have kept silent? Because I have lived in a world you know but little about, you imagine it would be wrong for you to ask me to follow my heart! Poor, foolish Robert! Love is more to me than all the world beside, and your life is the happiest one I ever knew. I should make no sacrifices in taking it in place of the old one. I——" but she stopped in sudden, sweet confusion.

"My darling!" he cried, and caught her to his breast. "Are you sure you are enough for me to give up all you would have to willingly? Think of the change, Helen."

"I have thought," she answered. "I give it up gladly. I tired of it long ago. I want you!"

There was a sudden breaking of the clouds, and the sun came forth in new radiance. The world was transfigured with rare and wonderful glory, Robert thought, as he bent and kissed the face uplifted to his, full of love and trust and peace. And she laid her head upon his shoulder and whispered softly,

"Robert, my king!"

The Paper Dime.

It was collection day, and Will had forgotten his contribution. There was the good superintendent with the hat in his hand, coming straight to their class, and he hadn't a penny in his pocket.

"Here, take this," said Tom Rider thrusting into his hand what seemed to be a silver dime.

Will was very grateful—so grateful that he did not see the knowing look in Tom Rider's eyes.

"It's real clever of Tom," he said to himself, as he dropped the supposed money into the hat. "I'll take a dime to school to-morrow and return it to him.

After school, however, Tom thinking it too good a joke to keep, told him that he was "sold," that what had seemed to be a dime, was nothing but a round bit of paste board, such as hunters use in loading guns. Will was indignant; but the echo of his teacher's voice was still in his heart, and putting his hands behind him, he hurried away without a word.

Not long after, the superintendent was surprised to see Will walk into the room and lay a silver dime upon the desk.

"I was afraid you'd think you had some mighty mean boy in school," he said, as he made the explanation, but he did not tell who the "mean boy" was.

"God bless you for your honesty," said the superintendent, when Will had finished. And the next Sunday, at the close of the usual exercises he told the school the story of the paper dime. It seemed a trifling thing, he said; but the boy who would cheat in such a way, would be very likely, by and by, to commit larger and more serious frauds, while he who was honest in such small matters would surely make an honest man.

There were no names mentioned, but Tom Rider's sheepish face told plainly enough who was the giver of the counterfeit, and so thorough was his repentance, that no one ever heard of his doing the like again.

Words of Wisdom.

Sell not virtue to purchase wealth.

Strive to avoid hard words and personalties.

Under our great troubles often lie our greatest treasures.

If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small.

Poverty treads upon the heels of great and unexpected riches.

True happiness costs little; if it be dear it is not of good quality.

He who knows not when to be silent knows not when to speak.

We lie to God in prayer if we do not rely upon him after prayer.

Impotence of study is the mental disease of the present generation.

"Mean souls, like mean pictures, are often found in good looking frames."

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.

"Those who trample on the helpless are disposed to cringe to the powerful."

"Not to be susceptible of kindness shows either a hard heart or bad usage."

The sharpest torments are said to be those caused by trouble which never comes.

Mankind worship success, but think too little of the means by which it is attained.

The fool clamors that he is as wise as the sage, and the sage shrinks from saying that it is not so.

"Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary to do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent that you should do so."

"We cannot walk side by side with people of true nobility of character without becoming ourselves elevated and ennobled."

"One should meet death as resolutely as a general would an inevitable conqueror. This is the best way to obtain easy conditions."

There are two kinds of things at which a man should never get angry—what he cannot help and what he can. What is the use of patience if we cannot find it when we want it?

Happy in their own eyes are the people who can talk when they have nothing to talk about, smile when there is nothing to smile at, and grow enthusiastic over nothing.

A Cosmopolitan City.

Hardly any city has a greater variety of population than New York. A Gotham paper of recent date says: Not only are all the sections and States of the Union represented here, but most of the nations of the earth. Indeed, we number so many foreigners that strangers wonder where the natives find place, and often speak of the Metropolis as anything but an American capital. It is said that ours is the largest Irish centre in the world; that Hibernia is represented here by nearly 400,000 people, making this city more Celtic than Dublin, itself. We can boast of over 200,000 Germans—some persons put the number as high as 300,000—of about 30,000 French, 10,000, to 12,000 Italians, 8,000 to 10,000 Spaniards and Cubans, some 3,000 Portugese, thousands of English and Scotch, a great many Russians, Swedes, Finns, South Americans, Norwegians, Mexicans, Greeks, Poles, Japanese, Bohemians, Chinese, East Indians, with a sprinkling of Armenians, Siamese, Hawaians, Arabs, Copts, Malays, Thibetans, Turks, Persians, and other races. The number of distinct languages and dialects spoken here is reported to be more than 50, and among the creeds, independent of Roman Catholic, Protestants, and Judiac are the Greek, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Brahminic, Parsee, and even Fetichism.—Every year adds to the variety of our population, which includes, besides that of Manhattan Island, the dwellers in the adjacent cities and towns of New Jersey, on Long Island and Staten Island, and along the Hudson, representing not far from 2,000,000 souls, directly or indirectly connected with the affairs and interests of New York, and who are all where they are because the Metropolis is here. It would be very interesting to know exactly how many nations and races our population embraces, though the knowledge can hardly be got, on account of the ignorance and suspicion of many foreigners, and their consequent unwillingness to be set down in any Directory, or enumerated in any census. Excepting London, it is doubtful if any capital exceeds this in the polyglot and polygeneti[illegible] character of [illegible] people. New York with its vicinity is less a city than a country or region; and he who cares to look into its diversities, peculiarities, and customs may acquire an acquaintance with geography and history which he could not acquire in years' travel. Certainly, all its influences and varieties should render its residents broad, tolerant, many-sided. If they do not the fault must be in the person, not the place.

Miscegenation Facts.

The child of colored parents of different tints, such as quadroon and mulatto, or mulatto and black, will be nearer the tint of the darker parent. If both parents are of the same color, the child will be a shade darker, and singularly enough, the second child will be darker than the first, the third darker than the second, and so on to the last. In other words, a colored community, left to itself, is fatally destined to return to the original African black after a limited number of generations. Thus, while each alliance with an individual of pure Caucasian blood brings the negro a step nearer to the white standard, the reverse is the case the moment the Caucasian element is withheld, and the color retrogrades from light to dark.

A curious proof of this is found in observations made during some time in one of the islands. A mulatto woman had a female child by a white man; this young girl gave birth to a quadroon by a white father, and this recrossing with the white race was kept up for six generations. An identical process of recrossing had been simultaneously noticed in another plantation. The children resulting from the seventh crossing in both of these families were of remarkable physical beauty; they had blonde hair, their complexion was of such transparent fairness that they might have been taken for Albinos, but for the vigor and gracefulness of their limbs and their brilliant intellect. The most experienced eye could not have detected in them the slightest indication of their African origin. They intermarried. Their children were dark complexioned, and the children of their children are very dark mulattoes.

This inexorable law of nature is given as one of the principal reasons why the Creoles refuse to intermarry with families who have the faintest tint of negro blood in their veins, though their skin may be as fair as that of Europeans. The Creoles wish their posterity to remain what they themselves are—whites.

—"Throw back your shoulders," was what Aaron Burr wrote to his daughter Theodosia. "Your habit of stooping and bringing your shoulders forward upon your breast, not only disfigures you but is alarming on account of its injury to your health. The continuance of this vile habit will certainly produce a consumption; then farewell papa, farewell pleasure, farewell life! This is no exaggeration, no fiction to excite your apprehension. But, laying aside this distressing consideration, I am astonished that you have no more pride in your appearance. You will certainly stint your growth and disfigure your person."

—If Adam could for ten minutes come to life would he recognize the old place, the same old city lots, the same old lemons, oranges, figs, elephants, snakes, dandelions, pie plant, peanuts, sassafras and persimmons that he used to name up and chalk down? All would be gone. He would recognize naught. But if he happened to wander into the negro minstrels he would hear the same old joke

A SONG OF CITY LIFE.

O, for the life of the city,
The fever'd throbbing throng,
Where the rich man wears a scornful frown,
Where the poor no weep, and the weak go down
Under the heel of the strong.

Up from the slums they come,
A lean and hungry army,
Women whose womanhood is not there,
Men without hope, in the eyes despair,
To watch and wait for their prey.

Commerce speaketh but once,
To work like a weary slave,
All day long, through the wing'd hours,
She adds to her increasing towers,
From the dawn of life to the grave.

The daughters of wealth anon
Are abroad in the giddy street,
Their beauty adorned by fashion and grace,
Flashing their jewels in poverty's face—
Like a troupe of queens they meet.

The sun walks over the hills,
The shadow creepeth below;
There is laughter, and love, and strength and strife
On the changing face of the city life,
But its heart is breaking with woe.

Birth, and deeds, and death,
Do mingle and intertwine—
The web that is spun is of every hue—
Its patterns old—yet always new—
And is mystery is the design.

'Tis a life-stream dark and deep
That rolls to a hid len sea,
Bearing away the grave and the gay,
The rich, the poor, the soiled, and the pure,
Into eternity.

The millions are best to the oar,
The few are but lookers-on,
And many go down to untimely graves—
Sucked by the whirlpools—sunk in the waves
Unseen, unheeded their groan.

By day it rushes and roars,
By night it surges and sweeps,
And it sings a dirge of a thousand tones;
From mirth's gay laughter to sorrow's low groans,
Out of its troubled deep.

Kind Inquiries.

Cousin Kate was a sweet, wide-awake beauty of about seventeen, and she took it into her head to go down on Long Island to see some relations of hers who had the misfortune to live there. Among those relations there chanced to be a young swain who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and seeing, fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the evening of his arrival, and she met him on the piazza where she was enjoying the evening air in company with two or three of her friends.

The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time. At length he stammered out:

"How's your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Another silence on the part of Josh, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could, to relieve the monotony. After waiting about fifteen minutes for him to commence to make himself agreeable, he again broke the spell by—

"How's your father?" which was answered much in the same manner as the first one, and then followed another silence like the other.

"How's your father and mother?" again put in the bashful lover.

"Quite well, both of them." This was followed by an exchange of glances and a suppressed smile.

This lasted some ten minutes more, during which, Josh was fidgeting in his seat stroking his Sunday hat. But at length another question came—

"How's your parents?"

This produced an explosion that made the woods ring.

Exercise the Lungs.

One of the conditions of perfect health is physical exercise. In its absence the whole system suffers deterioration, and falls short of that development which is necessary to the vigorous action of the different organs. More than any other, organ, however, do the lungs suffer; and it is not difficult to explain why. In order that an organ should be well nourished, it is necessary that it should be abundantly supplied with blood, and one of the agencies which plays an important part in propelling the blood through arteries and veins is muscular contraction. The alternate contraction and dilation of the muscles forces the blood along the vessels. When a person is exercising vigorously, the respiratory movements become greatly increased, the air vesicles become dilated, the blood is propelled through the minute capillaries, which constitute a large portion of their structure, and the lung tissue receives the nourishment which it requires, and which is necessary to its integrity and efficient action. From insufficient bodily exercise, the lungs suffer in two ways—for want of sufficient blood to nourish them, and for want of necessary expansion. The result is that the lungs, more frequently than any other organ, become affected in those who lead inactive lives. This fact makes it incumbent on all, and especially on those who have weak lungs, to spend a portion of each day in vigorous physical exercise. We mean by this, exercise which calls into vigorous action all the muscles of the body—exercise which causes the skin to glow, the perspiration to start. Two hours of this kind of exercise each day is not too much, and it should be performed, when possible, in the open air. A celebrated French physician says that a person, to be healthy and strong, should exercise to the point of perspiring every day.

—The nitrate of lead is now recommended in the medical journals as scarcely second to any other substance, in point of cheapness and efficacy, as a deodorizer. To prepare it for use it is simply necessary to take, for ordinary purposes, half a drachm of the nitrate, dissolve it in a pint or more of boiling water, dissolve about two drachms of common salt in a pail of water, pour the two solutions together, and allow the sediment to settle. To purify and sweeten a fetid atmosphere immediately, dip a cloth in the liquid and hang it up in the apartment.